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A COLLECTION OF

Pew Song for the Sunday-School.

By FRED A. FILLMORE.

Cincinnati, O.: Fillmore Bros., Publishers, 185 Race Street.

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Psalms xxxiii, 1-5.

Praise is comely for the upright.

Give thanks unto the Lord with harp:

Sing praises unto him with the psaltery

of ten strings.

Sing unto him a new song;
Play skillfully with a loud noise,
For the Word of the Lord is right;
And all his work is done in faithfulness.
He loveth righteousness and judgment:
The earth is full of the loving kindness of the Lord.

Philippians iv, 4-7.

REJOICE in the Lord alway: again I will say, Rejoice.

Let your forbearance be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.

In nothing be anxious; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be known unto God.

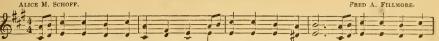
And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus.



Songs of Rejoicing.







- 1. The sun, the moon, the shin-ing stars, All fol-low God's good way, And shall we less o-
- 2. The small-est things that he has made, The birds, the gen-tle flow'rs, Each lives its life as
- 3. Since all the earth o beys his will. Of things both great and small, Much more should we be





be - dient be, Who know him more than they?

de-creed, In bar - ren wastes or bow'rs. We will fol - low, we will fol - low, Where our by Him. Who loves us more than all.



Lord sees best to guide; We will fol - low, we will fol - low, Ev - er keep-ing near his side.

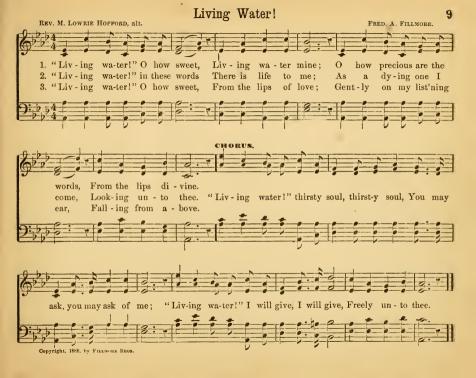


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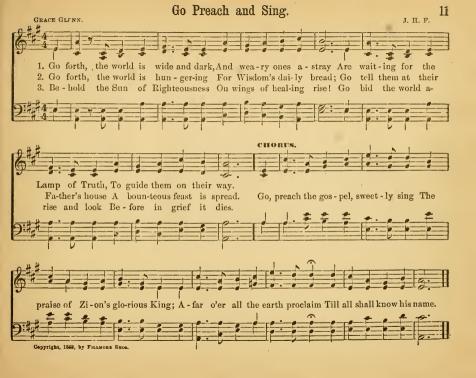


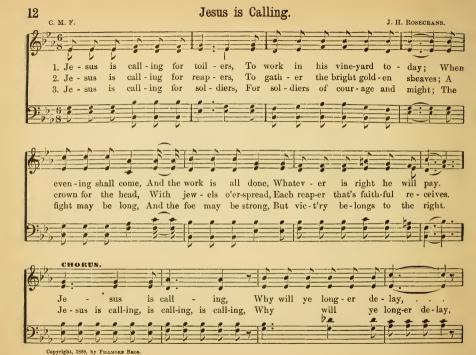




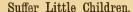


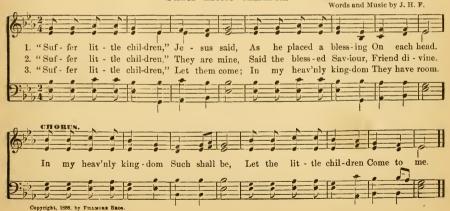


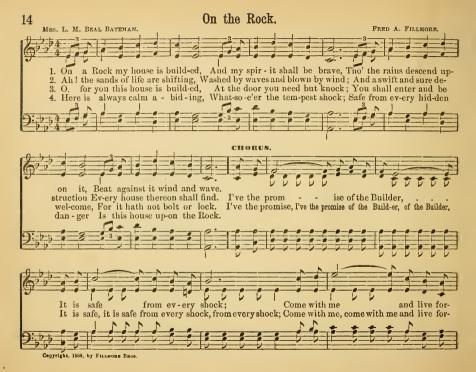


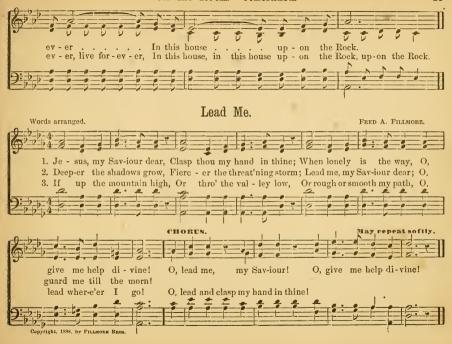




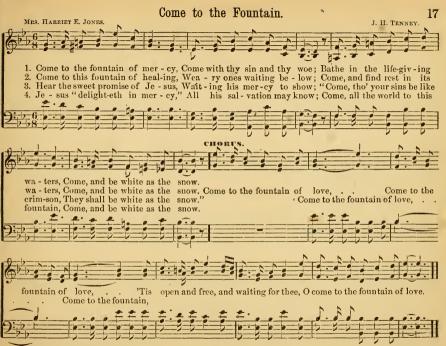


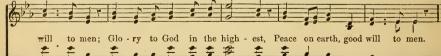




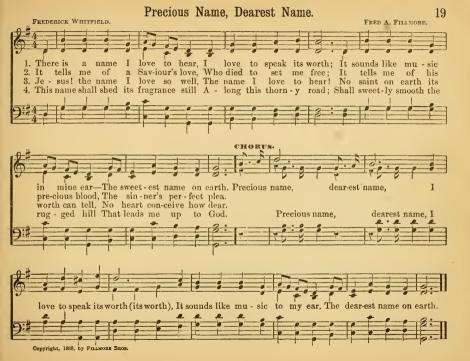


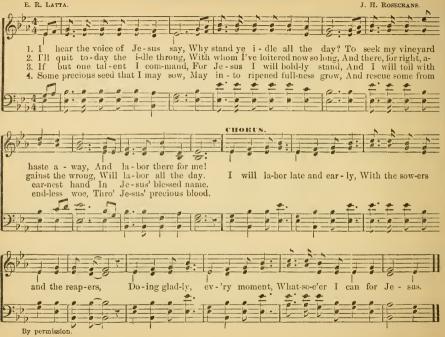






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M. B. C. SLADE.

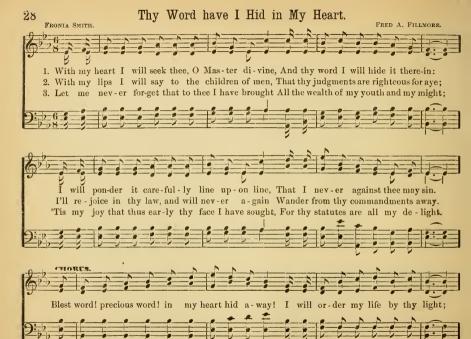
Nore.—Four children may be selected, each to sing a stanza as a solo—the school joining the chorus. Or the school may be divided into four sections, each section singing a stanza in turn, the school singing the chorus. Appropriate texts for reading before each stanza are—Matt. iv: 18-22; Matt. ix: 9; Luke ix: 59-62; Matt. xxv: 34. With the readings, the song makes an appropriate opening exercise for the school.



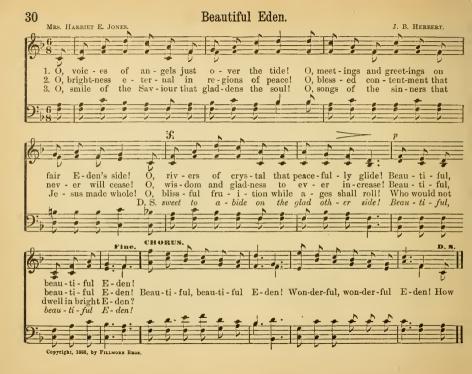


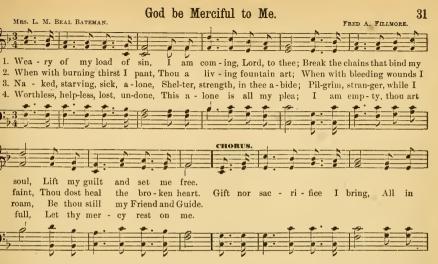














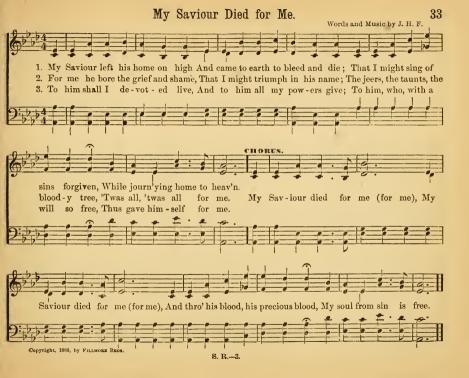
MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

soul, Lift my guilt

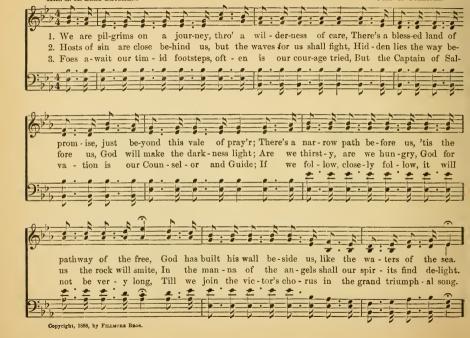
roam. Be thou still

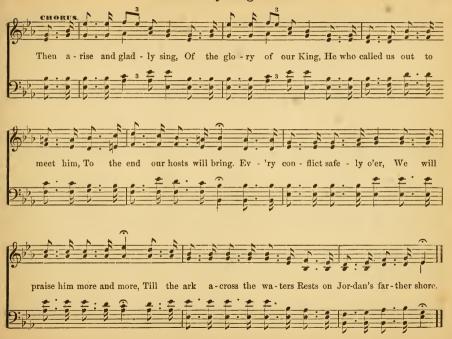
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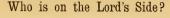


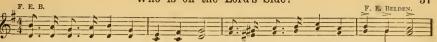
MPS T. M REAL BATEMAN.



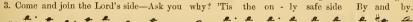


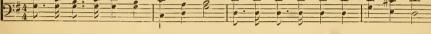






- 1. Who is on the Lord's side? Al-ways true; There's a right and wrong side, Where stand you?
- 2. Thousands on the wrong side Choose to stand; Still tis not the strong side, True and grand.







Choose now, Choose now, On the right or wrong side? False or true?

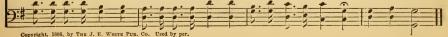
Who is on the Lord's side? Who is on the Lord's side?





Choose now, Choose now, On the right or wrong side? Where stand you?

Who is on the Lord's side? Who is on the Lord's side?

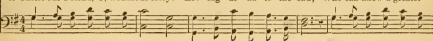


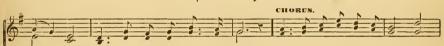






- 1. Christ our Friend and Elder Broth-er, What a gracious word is this! Near-er us than a ny
- 2. Christ our Friend, O, what a blessing! Thus to feel him ev er near; O, what good to us pos-
- 3. Christ our Friend, O, wondrous story! Lov-ing us un-to the end; Who can know a greater





Feel - ing all our woe or bliss.

Sav - iour-friend, so kind and dear! Than this Christ to have as Friend. Yes, he knoweth of our sad - ness,

39



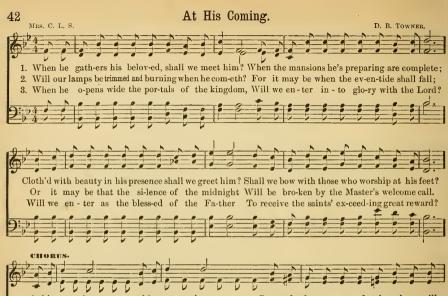


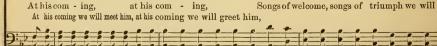
Ev-'ry pain and grief we bear; And rejoiceth in our glad-ness, Ev-'ry bliss and joy to share.



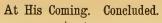




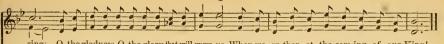




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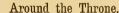


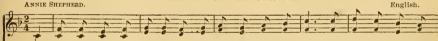
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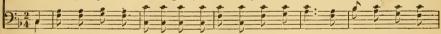
sing: O, the gladness, O, the glory that will crown us, When we ga-ther at the com-ing of our King!







- 1. A '- round the throne of God in heav'n Thousands of chil-dren stand; Chil-dren whose sins are 2. What bro't them to that world a-bove, That heav'n so bright and fair, Where all is peace and
- 3. Be cause the Sav-jour shed his blood To wash a way their sin; Bathed in that pure and
- 4. On earth they sought the Sav-iour's grace, On earth they loved his name; So now they see h





all for-giv'n, A ho - ly, hap-py band, joy and love? How came those chil-dren there? Singing glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry be to God on high, precious flood, Behold them white and clean, bless-ed face. And stand before the Lamb.



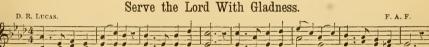




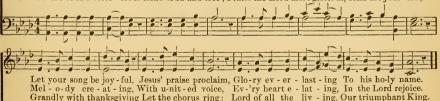
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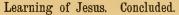




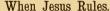
- 1. Serve the Lord with gladness, Come before his throne, Banish all your sadness, Make his glories known;
 2. Hap piness de-siring, Loud the anthem raise, Heart and voice inspiring With this song of praise;
- 3. Let the sound victo rious Echo loud and free: Praise the Lord most glorious, Hail the jubi lee;

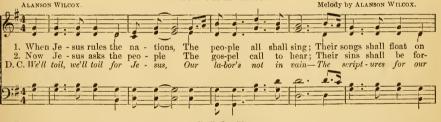


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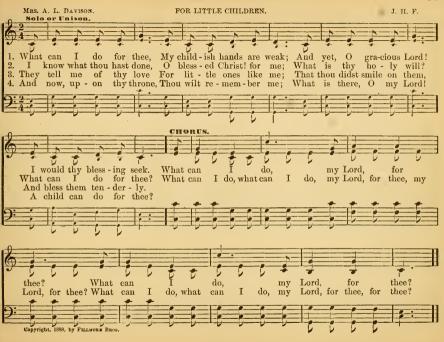


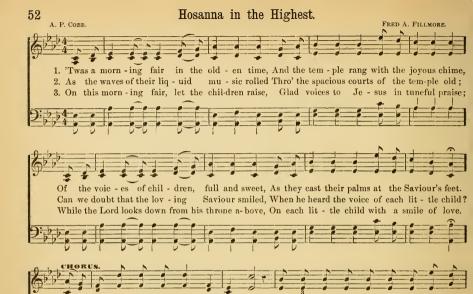
3 Our Jesus leads us forward, The nations all to reach; He asks us all to labor And there his gospel preach.

49

4 When Jesus comes in glory, His saints shall all be there Their suff'rings then all ended, The victor's crown they'll wear.



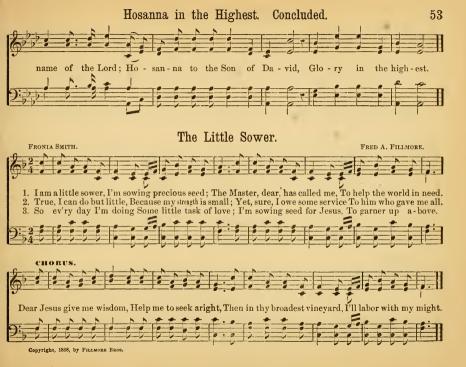




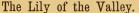
of Da - vid, Bless-ed

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he that com-eth







55 From a melody by J. R. MURRAY.



- 1. I have found a friend in Je-sus, he's ey-'ry-thing to me. He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul:
- all my grief has ta-ken, and all my sorrows borne: In temptation he's my strong and mighty tow'r:
- 3. He will nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet forsake me here. While I live by faith and do his bless-ed will:



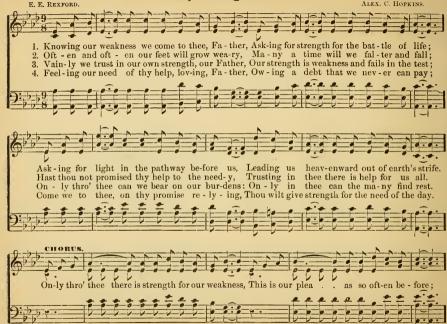


Lil-y of the Valley, in him a-lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful-ly whole. I have all for him forsaken, and all my idols torn From my heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r. wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear, With his manna he my hungry soul shall fill. D.S. He's the Lil-y of the Val-ley, the bright and Morning Star, He's the fair-est of ten thou-sand to my soul,

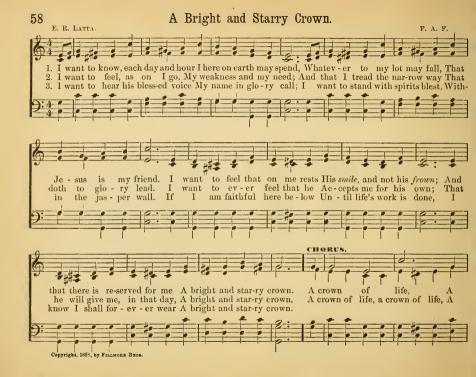


In sor-row he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on him to roll, Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore, Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the goal. Then sweeping up to glo-ry, to see his bless-ed face. Where rivers of de-light shall ev-er roll.

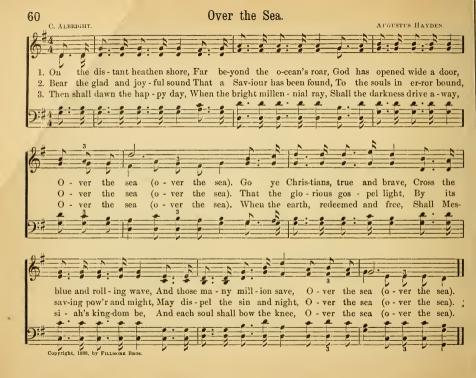


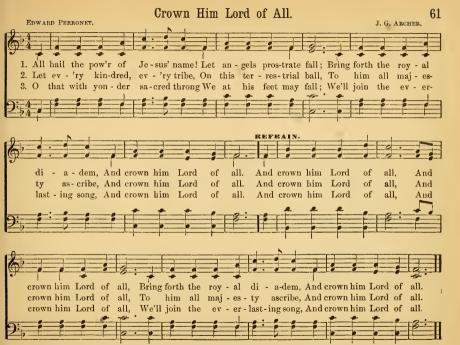


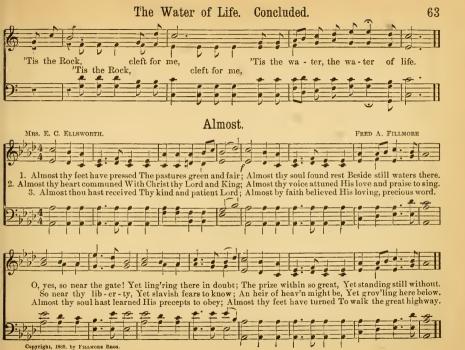




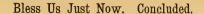




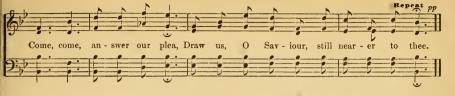








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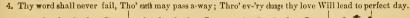


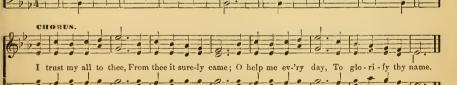
I Put My Trust in Thee.



- 1. My Saviour and my Friend, I trust in thee a lone; I know thou cam'st from God, And art his on-ly Son.
- 2. No dangers e'er shall harm The children of thy care, However great their fear, Thy pow'r is always there,
- 3. A shield from ev-'ry foe, Thy hand will ever be, To guard the bumblest soul, That puts its trust in thee.

 4. Thy word shall never fail. The' south may nose a way: Thre' or 'ry desire thy love Will lead to perfect day.



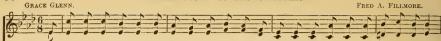


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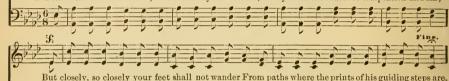
S. R.-5,

EV.

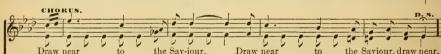




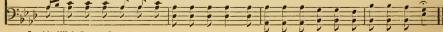
- 1. Draw near to the Sav-jour, his mer-cy in-vites you, Not waiting and doubting to follow a-far. 2. Draw near to the Sav-iour, not i-dly de-lay-ing, The highways are broad that entice thee to stray:
- 3. Draw near to the Say-jour, whatey er be-tide thee, A-like is he precious in gladness or woe.
- 4. Draw near to the Say-jour, his love bids you welcome. Away from the snares of temptation and sin:

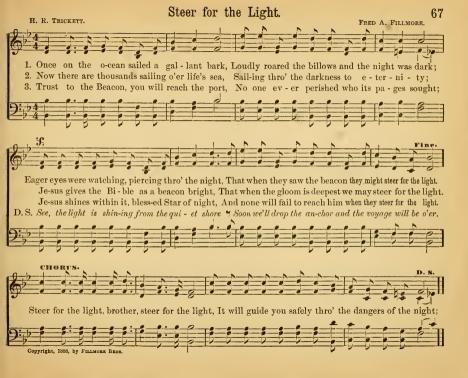


And deep are the pit-falls thy footsteps be-tray-ing, If once they beguile from his beau-ti-ful way. Draw near to the Saviour and share in his glo-ry, Eu-joy the rich foretaste of heav-en be-low. His mansions are waiting with stores of rich treasures, He stands at the door-way to bid you come in. D. S. With rev-er-ence fear him, with lov-ing draw near him, More bright shall the light of his glo-ry ap-pear.

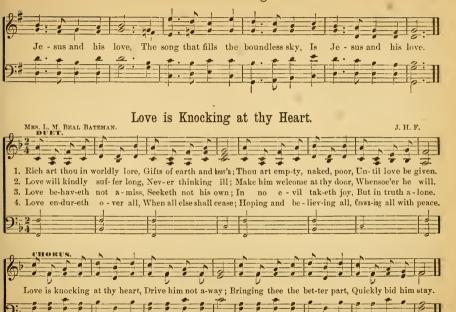


Draw near to the Saviour, more closely draw near. Draw near to the Saviour, more closely draw near.















FRED A. FILLMORE.



1. There's a beautiful land, there's a blissful abode, Where the bright shining angels give glory to God; And the 2. We may sing of the beauties awaiting us there, When we pass from this world of temptation and care; But how

3. In that beau-ti-ful land there is never a tear, And the songs of the angels en-rapt-ure the ear; O, how

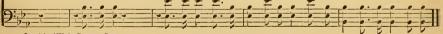


ransomed from earth their Redeem-er a-dore, Who hath saved them from sin and from death evermore. lit - tle we know of the glo - ry in store, For the chil-dren of God, in the blest ey - er-more, blest it will be on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the pres-ence of God to a - bide ev-er-more. D. S. wor - ship the Fa - ther, his glo - ries a - dore, In that land, hap - py land, there to dwell ev - er-more.





Hap - py land, bless-ed home, Happy land, blessed home, How our hearts long for thee! We would hap-py land. bless-ed home.







one their part-ings grieve us. They are passing thro' the gate.

loy - al soul is slight-ed, They are passing thro' the gate. They are passing thro' the gate, in know-ing, We shall meet be-yond the gate.





On - ly pass-ing thro' the gate; On the oth-er side to wait, They are passing thro' the gate.



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JESSIE H. BROWN.

1. One

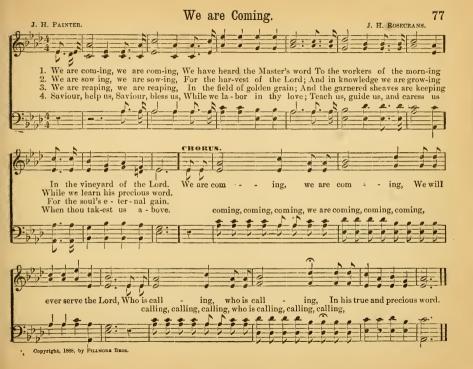
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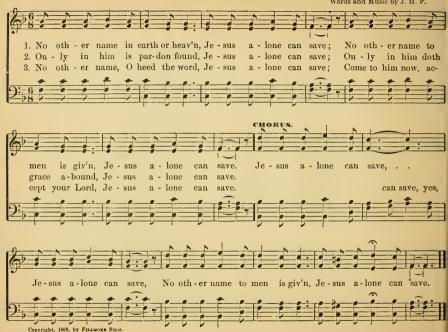


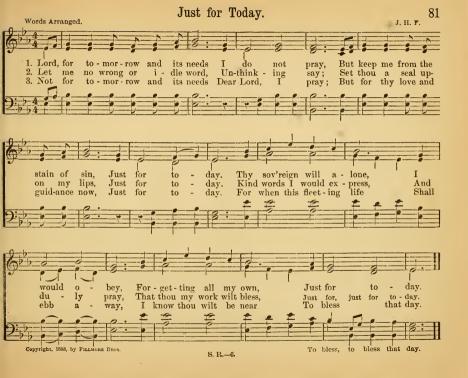




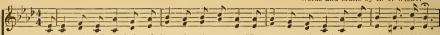
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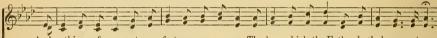






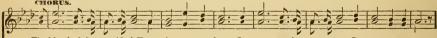
- 1. God's love is unbounded and changeless for-ev er, His mer cy and goodness my refuge shall be;
- 2. When sin with its fetters had burdened and bound me, When, blinded and weary, I longed to be free,
 - 3. His love is more broad than the calm flowing river, And greater its depth than the nethermost sea;
- 4. O sin-ner! with burden of grief and of sadness. Why longer in darkness and wea-ri-ness roam?





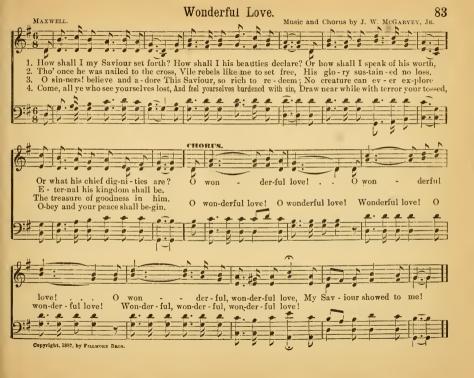
And nothing of present or fu-ture can sever The love which the Father hath shown unto me. His love broke the bonds that were clinging around me, And opened my eyes that his beauty I see. More high than the stars, it endureth forever, It saves to the utter-most, saves even me. Seek Jesus, he'll turn all thy sorrow to gladness, Thy sins, tho' as scarlet, as snow shall become.

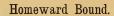




The blood of the crucified From sin sets me free; It saves to the uttermost, It saves e-ven me.







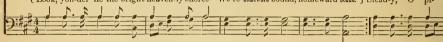


C. S. HARRINGTON, Arranged.



Out on an o-cean all boundless we ride—We're homeward bound, homeward bound; Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide—We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Far from the safe

\ \text{Wild-ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars—We're homeward bound, homeward bound; \ \text{Look, yon-der lie the bright heaven-ly shores—We're homeward bound, homeward bound.} \text{Stead-y.}





qui - et har - bor we've rode, Seek-ing our Father's ce - les - tial a - bode, Promise of which on us lot, stand firm at the wheel; Stead-y we soon shall outweath-or the gale; O how we fly 'neath the



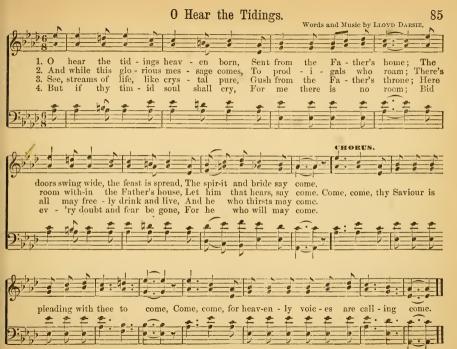


3 We'll tell the world as we journey along,

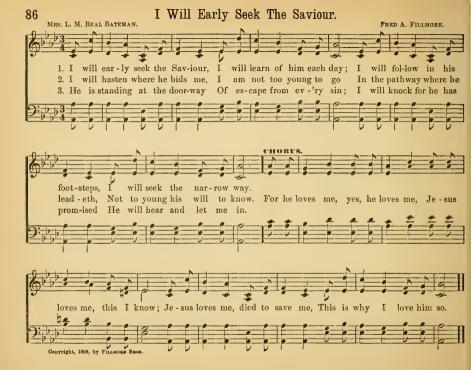
We're homeward bound, homeward bound: Try to persuade them to enter our throng-

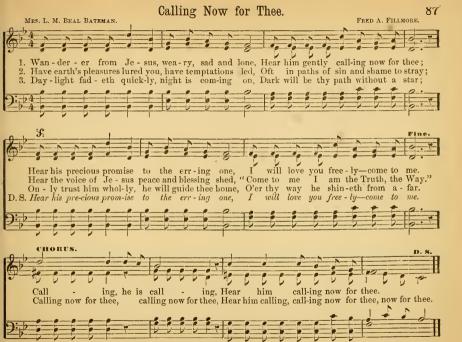
We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Come, trembling, sinner, forlorn and opprest, Join in our number, O come and be blest; Journey with us to the mansions of rest-

We're homeward bound, homeward bound,



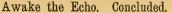
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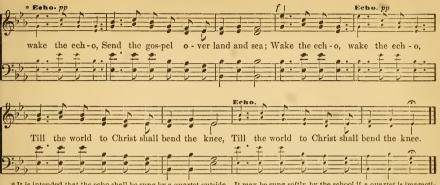


Awake the Echo.



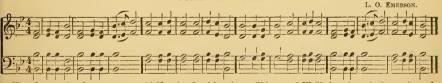






* It is intended that the echo shall be sung by a quartet outside. It may be sung softly by the school if a quartet is impracticable. The chorus may be repeated.





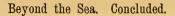
1 King Jesus, reign for evermore, Unrivaled in thy courts above. While we, with all thy saints, adore The wonders of redeeming love.

2 No other Lord but thee we'll know, | 3 We'll sing along the heavenly road No other power but thine confess;

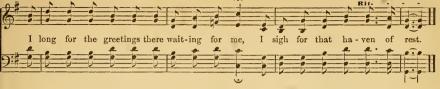
That leads us to thy blest abode: We'll spread thine honors while below, Till, with the vast unnumbered throng, And heaven shall hear us shout thy grace. We join in heaven's triumphant song.

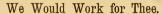
Beyond the Sea.













- 1. Saviour dear, we come today, At thy earnest call, Bringing our best gifts to thee, North, and hope, and all.
 2. If in to thy broadest fields And thy vinerards fair, Thou shalt call us, we will go, Glad-Iy la bor there.
- 3. So if thou wouldst have us stand, Cheerful we will stand; Or if thou wouldst have us run, Sweet is that command.



We would conse - crated be, To thy service dear; Let us grow in gase each day, And from year to year. But if in some lowly place, Thou woulds have us move; Send us—only guide us there, By thy wondrous love. Reapers strong or gleaners weak, As it pleaseth thee; If we serve thee we're content, Howsoe'er it be.



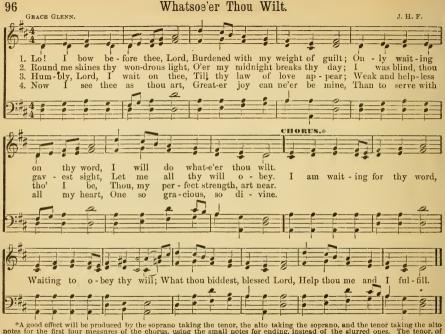
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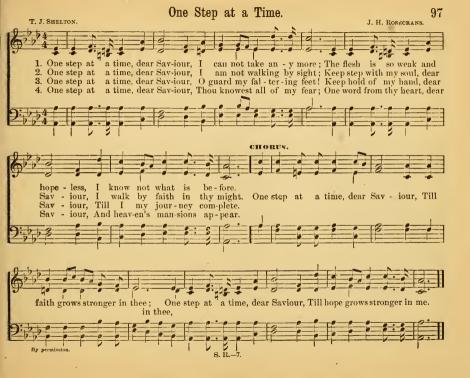


- When those that love the Lord In one another's peace delight,
- And so fulfill the word;
- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, | And with him bear a part;
 - When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart;
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh, | 3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride, Our wishes all above,
 - Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love.

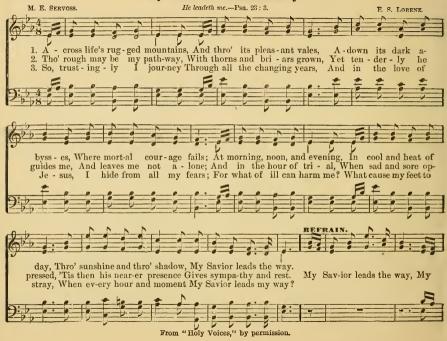


course, sings a high pitch to the alto notes.

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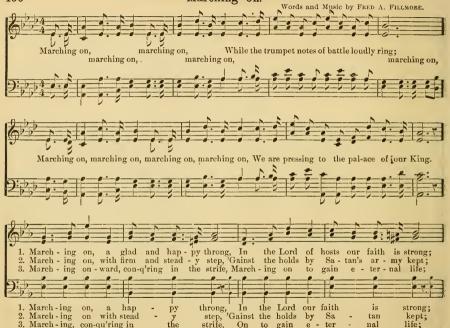


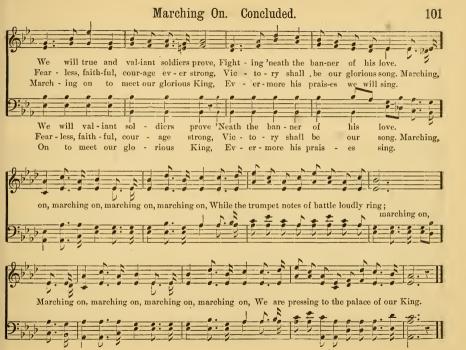
My Savior Leads the Way.



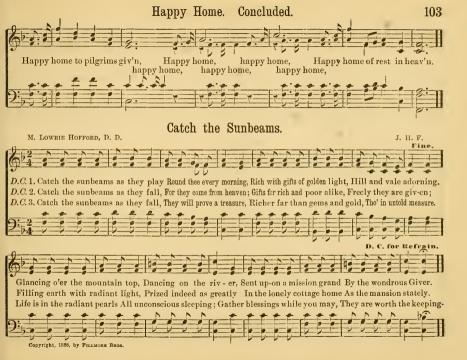


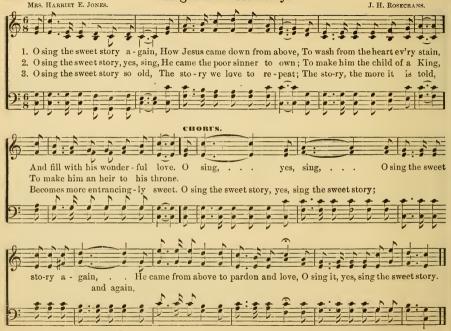










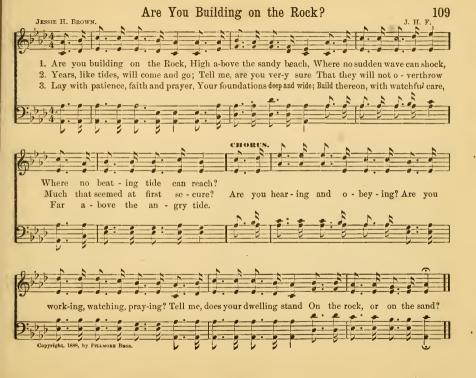


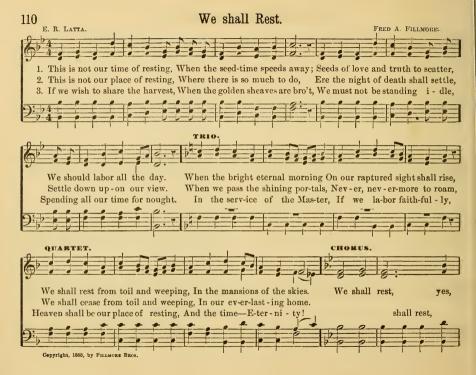




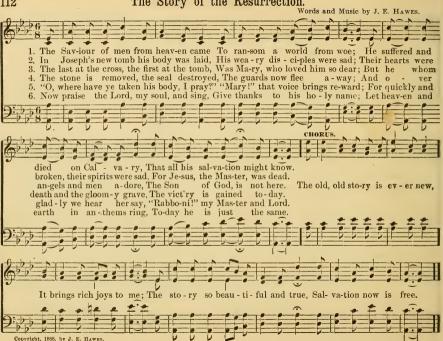


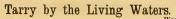




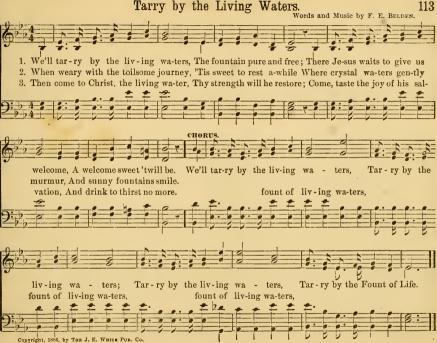








Words and Music by F. E. BELDEN.

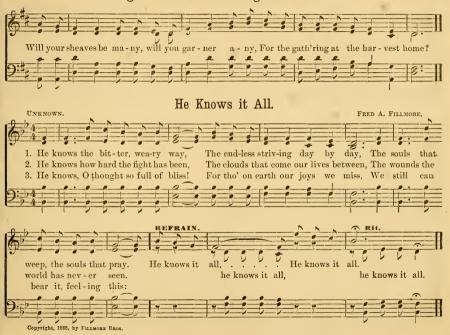


S. R.-8





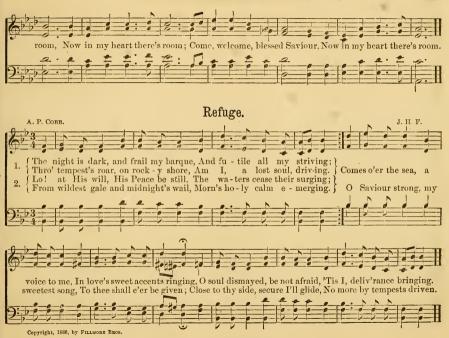




Words and Music by F. E. Belden.







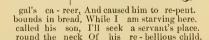




1. Af - flic-tions, tho' they seem se-vere, In mer-cy oft are sent; They stopped the prodi-2. What have I gained by sin, he said, But hunger, shame and fear; My Father's house a-

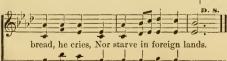
3. I'll go and tell him all I've done, Fall down be-fore his face, Un - wor-thy to be 4. His Fa-ther saw him com - ing back. He saw, he ran, he smiled. And threw his arms a-



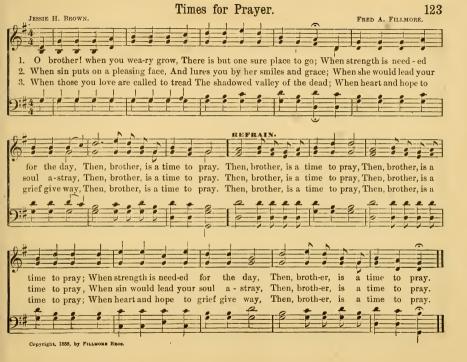


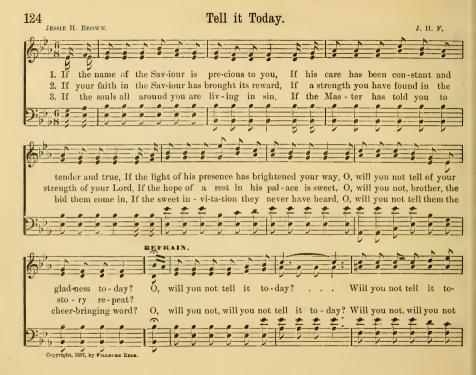
I'll not die here for bread. I'll not die here for



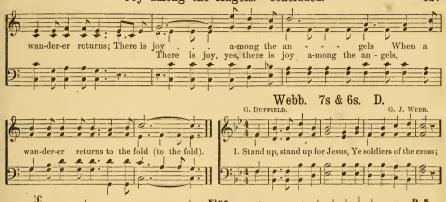


- 5 O Father! I have sinned, forgive-Enough, the Father said: Rejoice, my house, my son's alive, For whom I mourned as dead!
- 6 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals To call poor sinners home: More than a father's love he feels. And welcomes all that come.

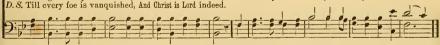








Lift high his roy-al banner; It must not suf-fer loss; From victory unto victory His army shall he lead,



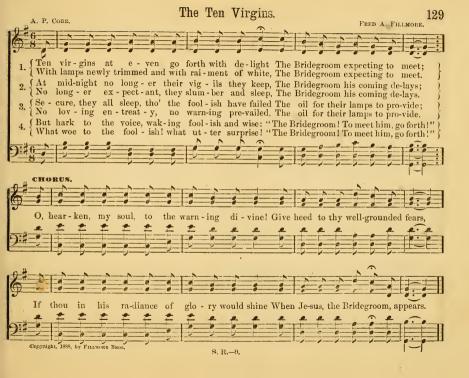
2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus; The trumpet call obey; Forth to the mighty conflict.

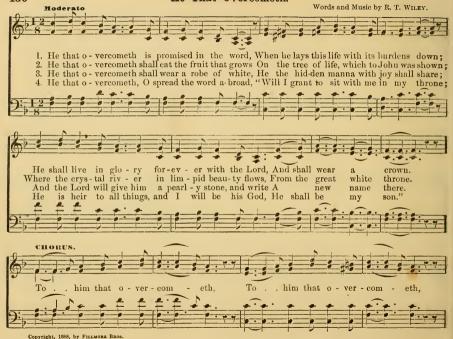
In this his glorious day.
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;

Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.

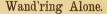
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus— Stand in his strength alone: The arm of flesh will fail youYe dare not trust your own: Put on the gospel armor, And, watching unto prayer, Where duty calls, or danger, Be never wanting there.

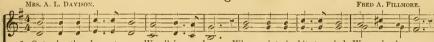












- 1. Out in the des-ert ways, Wand'ring a lone,
 2. Un der the star-less sky Seek ing for rest.

 Where winter's bit-ter winds Wea-ri-ly moan;
 Think-ing of hap-py days Home love had blest:
- 3. Back to the Father's house, Wan der er come; Long has he looked for thee, Come to the home!





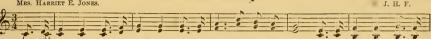
Would I were there once more, Would that my pain were o'er, Save me I now implore! Sad-ly he cries.

Would discretely be said to be



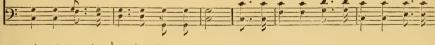


133



- 1. Un to thee I fly, O Sav iour! On the Rock would plant my feet, That I dwell in per-fect
- 2. Sorrow's waves may rise a-bove me Hour by hour and day by day; With the Rock for my foun-
- 3. When the weight of years are pressing, When of health and strength bereft, Then, my Saviour, hide me

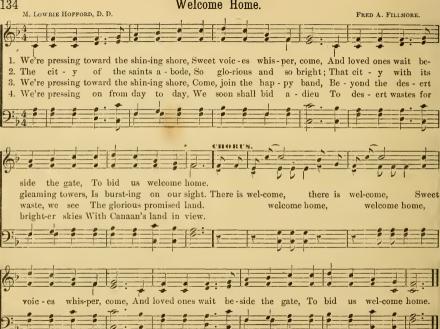


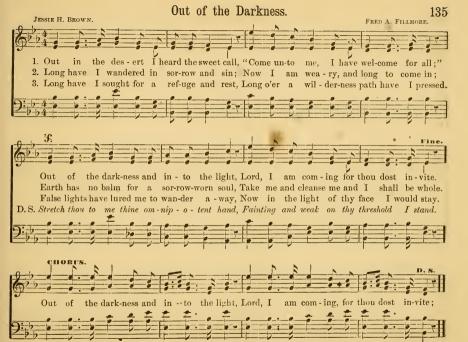




bless - ed, bless-ed Son! In the cleft, O, hide me, hide me! Till the peace-ful port is won.







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- gel ic strain From the choir of glo ry.
 King is born, And a Sav-iour giv en."
- 3 Wise men journeyed far to bring— His bright star espying— Presents to the infant King, In a manger lying.
- 4 We, O Saviour! too, would bring Gifts of love unfeigning, To our Prophet, Priest and King, Now in glory reigning.

SECOND PART.*

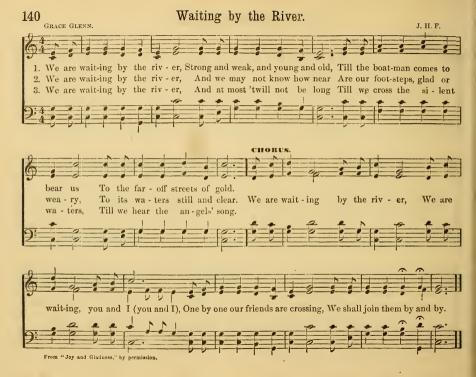
- 5 Lord, accept our humble praise From thy throne low bending; Hear with gracious ear the lays From our lips ascending.
- 6 Tune our hearts with sweet accord
 As we raise our voices,
 Thus to praise the risen Lord,
 In whom earth reioices.

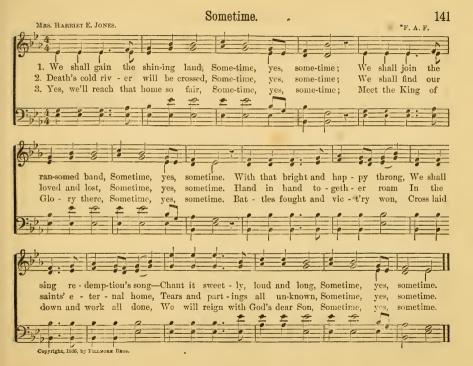
- 7 In his name and through his love, Come we, gladly singing Songs of praise, to float above,— Sweetly upward winging.
- 8 May we sing these songs of joy Till earth ties shall sever! Then thy praise our tongues employ In the blest forever.

^{*}The first part, or all the hymn, may be used as a Christmas Carol; the second part will be found suitable to any occasion.

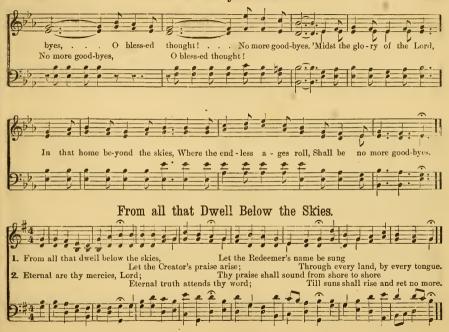




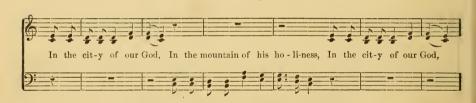












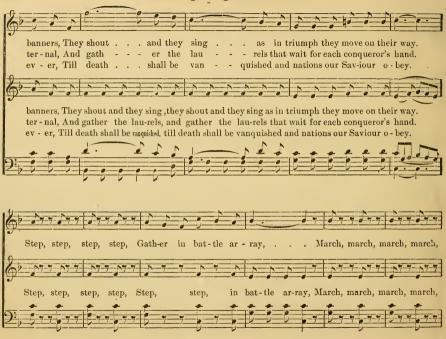




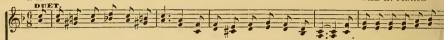
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Marching Song. Continued.

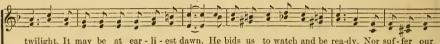






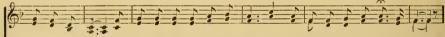
1. We know not the time when he cometh, At ev-en, or midnight, or morn; It may be at deepening 2. I think of his won-der-ful pit-y, The price our salvation hath cost; He left the bright mansions of 3. O Je-sus, my lov-ing Redeemer! Thou knowest I cherish as dear The home that mine was shall be.





twingnt, it may be at ear in - est dawn. He blus us to water and be rea-dy. Nor sur-fer our glo-ry. To suf-fer and die for the lost. And sometimes I think it will please him, When those whom he hold thee, That I shall thine own welcome hear. If to some as a Judge thou appearest, Who forth from thy

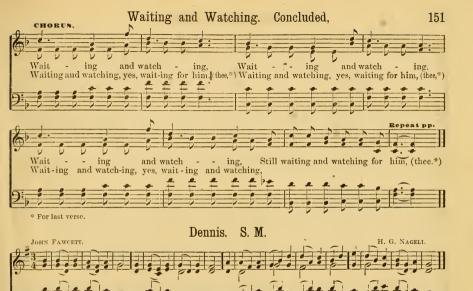




lights to grow dim; That when he may come he will find us All waiting and watching for him. died to re-deem, Re-joice in the hope of his com-ing, By waiting and watching for him. presence would flee, A Friend most be-lov-ed I'll greet thee, I'm waiting and watching for thee.



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- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers; .
- Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 Here we must often part, In sorrow and in pain;
- But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet again.

FRED A. FILLMORE.



Fair

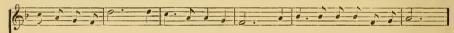
- 1. When we shall stand within thy gates,
- 2. When we shall stand be-fore the throne,
- 3. With in thy shin-ing jas-per walls,

O cit - y of the King! With all the ransomed throng.

cit - v of the blest.

When an - gels
And with them
When toils and



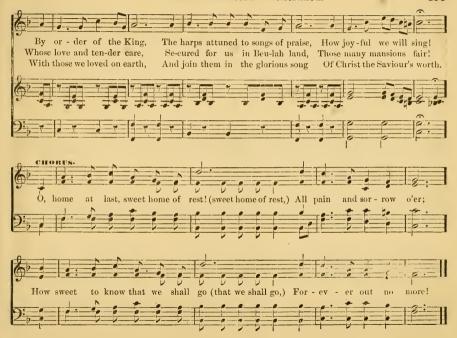


shall un-gird our robes, lift our voic-es up cares of life are done. Toil-stained and perish-ing;
To sing the glad new song,
How sweet 'twill be to rest!

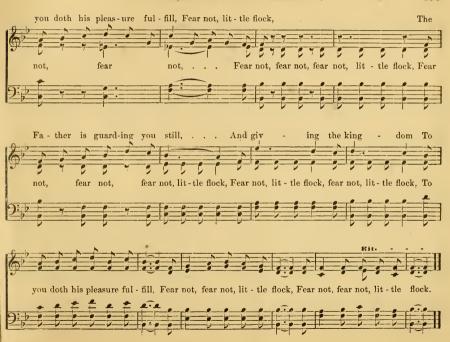
When they shall place within our hands, O, sure-ly praise shall be to him, How sweet by life's fair stream to walk



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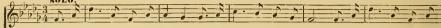






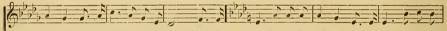
EMMA LINN

FRED A. FILLMORE.



- 1. When to all earth's pain and sor-row I shall close my wea-ry eyes, Shall a fair and glo-rious
- 2. Friends beloved have passed before me, Calm-ly yield-ed they their breath; In the hope of end-less 3. Oft I muse up-on the splendor Of the New Je-ru-sa-lem; Of her man i-fold foun-
- 4. Fair er than a summer's dawning Shall be that resplendent day. When the night of our temp-





mor row On my spirit - vision rise? Shall I glo - ry, Trumphed o'er the grave and death. They whose dations, Starred with every precious gem; Of the tations, Sin and grief has passed away. If my

see the wondrous dawning Of an ev - er-lasting heads were crowned with silver, Infants in life's early bliss of the redeemed ones, And the anthems which they Father bid me, welcome, Ah, what praise to him I'll



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